Vpon his party for the gaine thereof,
And therevpon he ſends you this good newes:
That this ſame very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene muſt die at Pomfret.
Haſt. Indeed I am no mourner for that newes, this
Becauſe they haue beene ſtill mine enemies:
But that Ile giue my voyce on Richards ſide,
To barre my maiſters heires in true diſcent, maſters
God knowes I will not do it to the death.
Cat. God keepe your Lordſhip in that gracious minde.
Haſt. But I ſhall laugh at this a twelue month hence,
That they who brought me in my Maiſters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their tragedie:
I tell the Catesby. *Cat.* What my Lord?
Haſt. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
Ile ſend ſome packing, that yet thinke not on it.
Cat. Tis a vile thing to die my gracious Lord
When men are vnprepard, and looke not for it.
Haſt. O monſtrous, monſtrous, and ſo fals it out it falls
With Riuers, Vaughan, Gray: and ſo twill doo
With ſome men els, who thinke themſelues as ſafe
As thou, and I, who as thou knowſt are deare
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.
Cat. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.
Haſt. I know they do, and I haue well deſerued it.
Enter Lord Stanley.
What my L. where is your Boare-ſpeare man?
Feare you the Boare and goe ſo vnprouided?
Stan. My L. good morrow: good morrow Catesby:
You may ieſt on, but by the holy Roode,
I do not like theſe ſeuerall councels I.
Haſt. My L. I hold my life as deare as you do yours,
And neuer in my life I do proteſt,
Was it more precious to me then it is now,
Think you but that I know our ſtate ſecure,
I would be ſo tryumphant as I am?
Sta. The Lords at Pomfret when they rode from London
Were iocund, and ſuppoſde their ſtates was ſure,

And

and they And indeed had no cauſe to miſtruſt:
But yet you ſee how ſoone the day orecaſt,
This ſudden ſcab of rancor I miſdoubt,
Pray God, I ſay, I proue a needleſſe coward,
But come my L. ſhall we to the Tower?
Ha. I go: but ſtay, heare you not the newes
talkd This day thoſe men you talke of, are behead
Sta. They for their truth might better wear
Then ſome that haue accuſde them weare th
But come my L. let vs away. ×*Exit L.*
Ha. Go you before, Ile follow preſently.
Haſte *Enter Haſtings a Purſiuant.*
Haſt. Well met Haſtings, how goes the worl
Pur. The better that it pleaſe your good L
Haſt. I tell thee fellow, tis better with me n
Then when I met thee laſt where now we mee
Then was I going priſoner to the Tower,
By the ſuggeſtion of the Queenes allies:
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy ſelfe)
This day thoſe enemies are put to death,
And I in better ſtate then euer I was.
Pur. God hold it to your Honours good c
Haſt. Gramercy Haſtings, hold ſpend thou
He giues him his purſe.
Pur. God ſaue your Lordſhip. *Exit. Pur. E*
Haſt. What ſir *I*ohn, you are well met:
I am beholding to you for your laſt dayes exe
Come the next Sabboth, and I will content yo
Enter Buckingham.
Buc. How now Lord Chamberlaine, wh
Your friends at Pomfret they do need the Prie
Your Honour hath no ſhriuing worke in han
Haſt. Good faith, and when I met this holy
Thoſe men you talke of, came into my minde
What, go you to the Tower my Lord?
Buc. I do, but long I ſhall not ſtay,
I ſhall returne before your Lordſhip thence.
Haſt. Tis like enough, for I ſtay dinner the
Buc. And ſupper too, although thou knowſt